

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOLUME XIII.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1884.

NEW SERIES--NUMBER 308

WAR TO THE KNIFE! KNIFE TO THE HOLLOW!

NOW THE GENERAL SLAUGHTER BEGINS!

THE GREAT CLOSING-OUT SALE

AT

J. W. Hayden's Store,

STANFORD, KY.

Let the people read it in reeling italics. This is a bona-fide **CLOSING-OUT**, not a **CLEARANCE SALE**! Four Thousand Dollars sold in November; Ten Thousand MUST go in December. This is the week for the **Bloody Slaughter of Prices**! The biggest drives ever offered in Central Kentucky on First-Class Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Notions, Fancy Goods, Dry Goods, etc. Special Bargains in Overcoats. Gents' tailor-made Suits, stylish Hats, Gloves, Kentucky Jeans, Rubber Boots, Sandals, Arctics, Coats and Gossamers; Ladies' Wool Shawls, Skirts, Cloaks, Hosiery, Underwear, Fine Dress Goods, Trimmings. A special slaughter in medium Dress Fabrics, Ginghams, Flannels and Waterproofs. A fine display of Fancy Articles suitable for Christmas presents. The instructions to salesmen this week are: "Let 'em go! Sell 'em! Never mind the cost marks!" Now is the time and the Great Closing-Out Sale the place!

Having determined to quit the goods business on account of failing health, I have made up my mind to stand any sacrifice that is necessary to close out my stock FOR CASH

J. W. HAYDEN.

A Dog for Supper.

Once let a Cheyenne get hold of dog for cooking purposes, and he is fixed for a week. I took a peep into the lodge of Iron Shirt, and there lay a fine dog before the coals, nice and brown to a turn, all ready for supper. It is a curious and strange fact that the North American Indian of all tribes will turn away from the choicest beef, venison or buffalo-bump, if he can be sure of getting a dog instead; and many of the tribes raise colonies of dogs for the same purpose that we do beavers. As there were no dogs in camp, I inquired of Rowland how it happened that Iron Shirt was so fortunate in recurring one. Rowland questioned that brave on the subject and I learned that a party of English tourists had paid a visit to the camp a few days previous out of curiosity, and that the dog was theirs. From the moment the doomed canina entered the Indian village Iron Shirt had kept his covetous eyes glued up on the animal until, watching his chance, he secured the prize and spirited it out of sight until the Englishmen had taken their departure. The dog was a Gordon setter and had been brought along by the tourists for hunting purposes. Iron Shirt did not consider his action in the case wrong or improper, as stealing is looked upon as a virtue rather than a crime by all red men, and that is why the Cheyennes happened to have a dog for supper on this particular evening. —[Fort Keogh Letter.]

A FAIR CHARMER — It is hoped that Mr. Cleveland will not commit himself to any other beautiful and accomplished daughter of the Republic until he has met Miss Tillie Frelinghuysen, who appears to be the most distinguished candidate now before the public eye. As nearly as we can ascertain, Miss Tillie has been engaged to every distinguished widower and bachelor in Washington society. The flirtation with John A. Kasson threw Iowa into convulsions last spring, and her idol with President Arthur is one of the most pathetic romances in the history of love affairs. We confidently expect the President-elect will fall mainly in love with the fair creature as soon as he beholds the sunshine of her beauty and hears the music of her voice. —[Chicago News.]

There are 1,500 printers in Paris. Ten hours makes a day's work, and they receive thirteen cent per hour.

CURE FOR PILES.

Piles are frequently preceded by a sense of weight in the back, loins and lower part of the abdomen, causing the patient to suppose he has some affection of the kidneys or neighboring organs. At times, symptoms of indigestion are present, as flatulence, indigestion of the stomach, etc. A moisture, like precipitation, producing a very disagreeable feeling after getting warm, is a very common attendant. Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles, which are to the application of Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, which acts directly upon the parts affected, absorbing the Tumors, allaying the intense Itching and affecting a permanent cure. Price 50 cents. Address the Dr. Bosanko Medicine Co., Piqua, Ohio. Sold by McRoberts & Stagg.

TIE IT YOURSELF.

This proof of the pudding is not in chewing the article, but in having an opportunity to try the article yourself. McRoberts & Stagg, the Druggists, have a free trial bottle of Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup for each and every one who is afflicted with Coughs, Colds, Consumption and all affections of the Throat and Lungs. Price 50 cents and \$1.00 Gold by McRoberts & Stagg.

The body of Joel T. Hart, exhumed at Florence at the expense of the Kentucky Legislature, is now on the way across the Atlantic to be buried in the Blue-Grass region where Hart was born. He was one of the most successful American sculptors and lived in Italy from 1818 to his death in 1877. His chief work, "Woman Triumphant," is at Lexington.

The Christian scientist hold that mind has supreme power over matter; that the sick may become well if they only think so and, indeed, are well if they believe and act as if they were. They have a church in Boston, and a college, where for \$300 one may be taught how to become a healer. Some remarkable cures of nervous troubles have been effected.

A VALUABLE CONFIDENTIAL CLERK.—I heard of a clerk once in a dry good store who was smart and quick and a splendid manager, and all that, but he got uppity and biggoty, and put on consequential airs until he was very disagreeable, and he took occasion to say to his associates that the concern couldn't get along without him. So the gentlemen, who was the senior partner, called him in the office one day, and says her, "Mr. Jenkins, you have been very efficient, and we appreciate your service, but I hear that you have repeatedly asserted that if you were to die the concern couldn't possibly survive it, and this has worried me no little, for, you, like all men, are liable to die very unexpectedly, and so we have concluded to experiment while we are all in health, and see if the concern will survive. So consider yourself dead for a year, and we will try you." —[Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.]

The human hair market, it appears, is being seriously affected by the troubles in China. Marseilles, the great European depot for supplies for wigs, perukas, chignons, plaits, false fronts, etc., has hitherto received annually as much as forty tons of the treasured merchandise from the long-haired Celestials; and an ingenuous calculation has shown that upwards of 2,000,000, female heads have been dependent for their coiffures, directly or indirectly, upon the hair trade of Marseilles. Now, through the action of the Pekin Government, or the patriotism of the Chinaman, the wig business of France is imperiled; and unless fashion steps in to make hairless heads tolerable, and false head gear superfluous, Mr. Mr. Jules Ferry may find the dissatisfaction of French people nothing but a favorable outcome of his policy in China.

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Cyrus Field says he confidently expects to hear the rebel yell again. Again? Will Mr. Field please make a diagram of the exact spot where he stood when he heard it before? According to our best information Mr. Field never heard anything that sounded more like a rebel yell than the peaceful purring of a Maltese cat on some European hearth. —[Chicago Herald.]

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We predict that the next serious movement of the republicans will be to disfranchise the negro and thus deprive the South of thirty-seven of its electoral votes. Against this movement the South will stand cold as the friend of the negro and the champion of his enfranchisement. —[Atlanta Constitution.]

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Members of both the Houses of Parliament sit with their hats on, removing them only when they rise to speak or to go out of the chamber.

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Daughters, Wives and Mothers.

We emphatically guarantee Dr. Marchis' Catholic, a female remedy, to cure Female Diseases, such as Irritant Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Failing and Displacement or bearing down feeling, Irregularities, Barrenness, Change of Life, Leucorrhœa, besides many weaknesses springing from the above, like Headache, Bleeding, Spinal Weakness, Sleeplessness, Nervous debility, Palpitation of the Heart, &c. For sale by druggists. Price \$1 and \$1.50 per bottle. Send to Dr. Marchis, Utica, N. Y., for pamphlet, free. For sale by Penny & McAlister, Druggists.

Saw Mill For Sale!

Having determined to change my business, I offer to sell (privately) my Mill situated on Brush Creek, in Casey, Ky. The Engine is stationary; Boiler 40x4; Engine 10x20; Counter Shaft 24 feet. Edging Saw and Grist Mill attached. The property is well-known and

In Good Running Order.

Timber plenty and accessible. I would be willing to exchange for good farm stock, such as Mules, Horses, Cattle, etc.

Persons wishing to engage in the lumber business will find a good opening by applying to

HUGH LOGAN,

Houstonville, Ky.

G. F. Peacock

THE DRUGGIST.

HUSTONVILLE, - KY.

Is Preparing for a Lively Summer Trade.

His line of goods, in every variety usually found in a first-class House of the kind, is large and complete.

Judicious Alterations in the Internal Arrangements Secure Room Comfort and Better Display.

Particular attention is called to

A Large and Elegant Addition to the Stock of Jewelry.

—And articles of virtue.

G. R. Waters

REPRESENTS

D. H. Baldwin & Co.,

Louisville, Ky., Cincinnati, O., and Indianapolis, Ind., dealers in Druggists' and Soda, Doctor, Hair, Hair & Skin, & Fleisch, Varn & Sons', Baldwin & Co's Ointments, Upright and Square Piano Fortes, also the Estey, Shoniner and Hamilton Organs, instruments sold at prices and terms to suit purchasers. Don't give your orders to others, get our prices and terms. Post-office, Danville, Ky.

1885.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

ILLUSTRATED.

With the new volume, beginning in December, Harper's Magazine will conclude its thirty-fifth year. The oldest periodical of its type, it is yet in each new volume a new Magazine, not simply because it presents fresh subjects, but because it is a new and better magazine. It steadily advances, but it also enriches itself by the method of magazine-making. In a word, the Magazine becomes more and more the faithful mirror of current life and movement. Leading features of the magazine for 1885 are: "New series novels," "Constable Fennell," "More Woolton and W. D. Howells"; a new novel entitled "At the Red Gown," descriptive illustrations by F. D. Miller, E. Swain Gifford, E. A. Abbey, H. Gibson, and others; "Goldsmith's 'Sea Stooge to conquer,'" illustrated by Abbey; important papers on Art, Science, &c.

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HARPER'S PERIODICALS,

PER YEAR.

Harper's Magazine.....\$4.00

Harper's Weekly.....\$4.10

Harper's Bazaar.....\$4.00

Harper's Young People.....\$2.00

Harper's Franklin Square Library, one year.....\$10.00

(32 Numbers). Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States and Canada.

The volumes of the Magazine begin with the numbers for June and December of each year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the current number.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Stanford, Ky., - - December 5, 1884

W. P. WALTON.

With Supplement.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR's Message, which we present to our readers in supplement form, is a remarkably dignified and business-like State paper, and most of his suggestions will meet with general approval. The principal points, after referring to the fact that we are at peace with all the world "and the rest of mankind" are the recommendation of the suspension of silver dollar coinage and the issuance of silver certificates. There are \$185,000,000 of the dollars of our daddies outstanding and but \$40,000,000 in circulation. The withdrawal of the \$1 and \$2 bills would aid in the circulation of silver coin. The trade dollar he wishes to be redeemed at a slight advance over its bullion value. The abolition of the internal revenue on everything save distilled spirits will still, he thinks, afford sufficient revenue to permit such tariff reduction as is necessary. He deplores the refusal of naval appropriations and makes the usual denunciation of monomaniac. Like all other republicans he now sees the beauty of Civil Service reform and he extols it at length. He suggests the removal of the tariff burdens and makes a good democratic argument in support of it. The recommendation that a pension be voted for Gen. Grant seems to be in the nature of too much of a good thing. This country has done enough for the General and if he has not lain up enough for a rainy day he should be contented in a poor house. Thanking the legislature department for its unwavering courtesy and support, Mr. Arthur bows himself out in a manner that shows there is a great deal more in him than any one supposed when he was introduced to the country as a New York ward politician.

THE official vote of the Presidential election is at last announced and it is as follows: Cleveland 4,907,327; Blaine 4,836,557; St. John 130,818; Butler 117,833, showing a plurality of the popular vote in favor of Cleveland of 70,530. The increase in the vote of four years ago is 775,571, of which the democrats got some seventy thousand more than half. In 1880, Garfield's plurality was 3,033. Texas is the banner democratic State, having given Cleveland 134,855 majority over Blaine. Pennsylvania leads in the Blaine column, having given him 80,755 more votes than Cleveland. With 18 votes to spare in the Electoral College and a majority of 37 over Blaine and a popular vote of nearly seventy-one thousand plurality, this seems to be a pretty fair democratic country even after 24 years of watching and waiting.

A COUPLE of New Orleans girls inaugurated a way of dealing with their seducers that would soon stop that growing crime if it were generally followed. Under the promise of marriage they yielded their priceless jewel, to be abandoned without any reparation, when the consequent period of maternity came around. They used every means of exhortation to get their betrayers to save their disgrace by honorable marriage, but the giddy dudex refused. Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned and there were no exceptions to the rule, for arming themselves with pistols they sought the men and coolly opened fire on them. One was mortally wounded and the other had his jaw-bone shattered and his manly beauty marred forever. Of course the girls will and ought to be cleared before any jury that could be selected.

It was reported that a fellow named McGee was a candidate for mayor of Louisville, but as Hon. Paul Booker Reed got 400 majority for that office Tuesday, he had withdrawn probably or there was fearful fraud used against him. McGee posed as a reformer, but the people did not take to his kind of reformation. Mr. Reed is a solid, substantial citizen and the manner he has performed other important trusts guarantees a faithful performance of the one just given him. At the same election on the question, "Are you in favor of the sale of spirituous, vinous or malt liquors in the city?" a majority of 5,791 voted that they were. So Louisville will take no local option in her.

THE Electoral College met at Frankfort Wednesday at noon and cast the vote of the State for Cleveland & Hendricks, of course. There were ten applicants for the position of messenger, that is to take the returns to Washington, and after a number of ballots Maj. Henry T. Stanton was chosen. Among the candidates were Col. Sam. M. Burdett and Robert C. Burton. The place is worth a few hundred dollars.

INSTEAD of being decreased as usual our public debt was increased \$47,121 last month, owing to the heavy demands of the pension department. The increase in pensions is alarming and it is said the present Congress will add \$25,000,000 yearly to it. The soldier vote must be bought if it takes every cent in the treasury.

JUST as we predicted the Illinois Governor decided the election contest between Leman and Brand in favor of his party. But this does not settle the tie in the Legislature as yet. Haynes, elected as an independent, announces his intention of voting with the democrats as he really belongs to that party.

THE reason that our little army of 25,000 men costs the people over forty millions of dollars a year is because there are about two officers to one private. Democratic reform will come in very well in this matter.

THE Courier-Journal special correspondent writing from the plague cured region says there have been 400 deaths in Knox, Bell and Herland and "If I include the deaths in Bath, Menifee, Wolf, etc., it would no doubt run the list up to between 1,200 and 1,400, and nearer the latter figure than the former. From reports from Letcher received here it is evident that the cases of sickness have run up into 300 or 400 and the deaths have been about five out of ten. From information from most reliable sources and from personal observation in a trip of nearly 100 miles on horseback, I am able to state positively that no famine exists. I have, so far, failed to find one instance where any animal has died of the disease which is killing so many people."

THE New York *World* is far outstripping its contemporaries both in circulation and advertising. The former amounts to over two millions of copies weekly and last Sunday it had 89 columns of advertisements. Its success since Mr. Pulitzer took charge has been wonderful and shows that a Western man can lay his Eastern brethren in the shade when he's a mind to. The *World* is democratic to the core and deserves all the good things that it gets. We will take pleasure in forwarding subscriptions to it at greatly reduced rates when taken in connection with this paper.

THE Attorney General of Virginia has been caught charging the State illegal fees to the amount of several thousand dollars and the Auditor of Public Accounts is a defaulter to the sum of \$30,000. They are Mehane men, elected by him and are about a pic with their master. They rode into power on the question of repudiating an honest State debt and nothing better could be expected of them than to steal.

MR. ZENO F. YOUNG, owing to his physical inability to attend to his paper, the *Madisonville Times* has sold its good will to the *Gleaner* of the same town. We regret both brother Young's misfortune and the fact that we shall enjoy no more, for a season, his bright and crisp editorials.

THE Covington *Commonwealth* has a sensible article advocating the establishment of the whipping-post. Keep it up good brother and try to make it an issue in the coming legislative election. We are almost prepared to say we will not vote for a man who opposes it.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—The father of Lt. Gov. Hindman is dead at Columbia.

—Nine persons escaped from the jail at Bowling Green Monday night.

—The Breckenridge Club of Lexington, will attend the Cleveland inauguration.

—Cincinnati lost \$20,000 on her Exposition and the guarantors have been reassessed 25 per cent.

—Dave Anderson and Lee Wigginton fought in Montgomery conniv with shot guns and both were killed.

—J. McFarland Musket, a photographer from Dalkith, Scotland, committed suicide at Lexington, Monday.

—James Gillispie Blaine is visiting his friend Stephen Elkins, and together they are discussing the cause of defeat.

—The postoffice at Fountain Head, Sumner county, Tennessee, was burglarized Sunday night of \$500 in money and stamps.

—Louisiana sugar planters are frightened at the prospect of ratification of the commercial treaty with Spain, which will admit Cuban sugar-free.

—The firm of Hill, Fletcher & Co., of Louisville, Ky., dealers in notions and dry goods, and the individual members, assigned for the benefit of creditors.

—Mr. William Gibson, a prominent farmer of Madison county, is dead, of cancer of the stomach. He was a brother of Casper Robert Gibson, of Somerset.

—Mr. W. L. Barnes, of Old Paint Lick, will close out his stock of goods at auction, next week. He expects to travel for a Louisville house.

—Mr. Tom Soper has returned from Lexington, where he has been attending Commercial College. Mr. R. H. Batson has gone West on a prospecting tour.

—Another precinct heard from and it goes solid democratic. Born on the 3d inst to the wife of Willis Adams, Jr., two fine boys, Cleveland and Hendricks.

—Mr. C. Christian, of Kirkeville, is shipping his new crop of tobacco to Louisville. We are told that he has 250 hds. to ship, not all his own raising, however.

—Last Monday as Messrs. Jack and Milton Smith were on their way home from Richmond their horse became frightened, ran over an embankment, upset the buggy and threw them out. Both were considerably bruised, Milton was knocked senseless for a while. The buggy received no damage beyond a broken shaft.

—The Insurance men now claim that the owners of the tobacco barns are having them set on fire to get the money on their policies.

—Congress will adjourn for the holidays December 14, in time for the members to attend the opening of the World's Exposition at New Orleans.

—Near Upton, Kentucky, Taylor Phillips, colored, at a dance, asked Rafe Howard for a quarter. Refused. Phillips was killed. Howard was then killed by Phillips' cousin, Jim Phillips, who escaped.

—The fair of Pickett-Buchanan Camp of Confederate veterans was opened in Norfolk, Virginia, Monday night with an unusually large attendance. Some of the largest donations were from the Grand Army of the Republic posts and merchants of Northern cities.

—At the first opportunity, Representative Willis, will offer a joint resolution providing for the loan of \$1,000,000 and \$1,000 additional for each Congressional district for the proposed International Agricultural Exposition next fall at Louisville.

—Howard Sullivan, the fiend who waylaid on a lonely road, ravished, robbed and murdered Miss Ella Watson near Yorktown, N. J., suffered the supreme penalty Tuesday. When questioned as to his object he said he robbed the girl to get money to go on an excursion.

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster.

—Good fat hogs are selling in our market at 4 cents per pound.

—Uncle Stephen Marr is able to eat again after an illness of several days.

—Mr. G. W. Judy, of Paris, has shipped 20,000 pounds of dressed turkeys from here this winter. He returned home Tuesday.

—Mr. R. R. West's new residence on Lexington street is nearing completion and will be quite a handsome dwelling when finished.

—The ladies of the Reform church will give a Japanese Tea at the City Hall on Tuesday evening, Dec. 23d; proceeds to be given to the church.

—W. Burnside and family left this week for Wichita Falls, Texas, where Mr. Burnside will practice medicine with his brother Dr. S. H. Burnside, who went there several weeks ago. We wish him success in his new field.

—Capt. and Mrs. T. A. Elkin will entertain Mr. K. E. McRoberts and bride on the evening of their return (Friday) at "Maples" their handsome home near town. Invitations have been sent to all the friends of the bride and groom and it is expected it will be an elegant affair.

—Almost everybody and his neighbor in this vicinity have killed hogs in the last two weeks and "snaggle" and spare ribs can be had for the asking. As a consequence indigence will reign in the land for an indefinite period. The tokeys will get a rest at any rate if any were left over from Thanksgiving.

—While the cities are complaining of dull business and hard times, we do not find it that way here. Our merchants are receiving large invoices of goods and business is brisk. New store-houses and residences are going up and everything seems to indicate we are going to have a boom in business circles.

—W. B. Mason has removed into his mother's property on Paulding street. Mrs. Geo. R. Hardin has moved to your city. Col. B. M. Burdett will occupy Mrs. Hardin's property. Mrs. Alice Luck will move into the Burdett property on Danville street, lately purchased by her. H. C. Kauffman has moved his law office to the Higginbotham building.

—Positively the largest stock of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware and Musical Instruments of any house in Kentucky. I have the largest stock and can make you lower prices than any other house. For every \$1 worth of goods you buy from now till Jan. 1st, you get chance free in a \$200 Mandoline Musical Box with 16 inch cylinder. Remember the place J. C. Thompson's Jewelry House, opposite post-office, Lancaster, Ky.

—Miss Alice Girardeau and Mamie Goss, of Hamilton Female College, are visiting Miss Mamie Dunn. Miss May Ferguson, of Cincinnati, is visiting Miss Kate Selvage. Miss Lucy Brown, a lovely young lady of Little Rock, Ark., is the guest of Miss Kate Brown. Sam Walton accompanied Mr. R. E. McRoberts on his wedding trip. J. E. Buchanan, of Martinsville, Ind., has accepted a position with T. G. Stevens. W. B. Mason will clerk for J. C. Heaphill. Mr. Lafe Sharpe, a popular Lexington drummer, was here this week. Geo. W. Battis was here Wednesday in the interest of the K. C. railroad. W. S. Ferguson has returned from Cincinnati.

—PAINT LICK, GARRARD COUNTY.

—A little eight-year-old boy of Mr. Elias Wallace was taken sick Sunday morning at 11 o'clock and died that night with epipal disease.

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—Howard Sullivan, the fiend who waylaid on a lonely road, ravished, robbed and murdered Miss Ella Watson near Yorktown, N. J., suffered the supreme penalty Tuesday. When questioned as to his object he said he robbed the girl to get money to go on an excursion.

—*One Bottle Instead of a Dozen.*

—"And it took only one bottle to do it," said a gentleman, speaking of Parker's Hair Balsam. I had a run of fever and when I got well of that my hair began to fall out so fast as to alarm me. I really didn't know what to do until one day a friend said, "Try Parker's Hair Balsam." What surprised me was the fact that one bottle was enough. I expected to use up a dozen." Clean, highly perfumed, not oily, not a dje. Restores original color.

PROFITABLE

Reading Matter.

We have been giving this column entirely to Men's

DR. BOURNE,

THE NEW DRUG STORE

Is a more popular man than Belva Lockwood ever was. Belva got only one vote in Lincoln County; the Dr. gets the support of all the Good Looking Ladies; the ugly ones trade elsewhere.

REASONS:—He has brain sparkling New Goods, sells cheap and gives a handsome pair of vines to the lady who first mentions and repeats at the New Drug Store this list:

Medicines of All Kinds, Linen, Blood Purifiers, Toilet Soaps, Combs, Tooth Brushes, Memos, Books, Envelopes, Leather Dusters, Sponges, Violin Strings, Chalk Crayons, Snuff Tobacco for the grandmothers, Spices for Pickling, Holiday Goods, Hair Renewers, Face Puff, Glasses for Falling Eyes, Hair Oils, Clothes Brushes, Pocket Books, Pens, Lamps, Hair, Hairbrushes, Paint Brushes, Paper, Ink, Chimneys, Pot Luck, Whisky, Glass, Vases, Instruments for the afflicted, Mixed Palms, Smoking Tobacco for the grandmothers, In short, anything you want, even it will be a good looking clerk

BUELL W. H. HIGGINS,

DEALER IN

Hardware, Iron, Nails, Spokes, Buggy Wheels, Stoves, Rims, Groceries, Saddles, Queensware, Cane Mills, Harness, Grates, Cider Mills, Lap Covers, Stoneware, Corn Shellers, Collars,

Oliver Chilled, Champion Steel and Brinley Combined Plows, Wooden and Cast Pumps, and the Celebrated Mayfield Elevator. Tin Roofing and Gutting will have prompt attention.

Salesmen { W. H. McKinney, John Bright, Jr.

And as they are now so well and favorably introduced, further advertising on them for the present is unnecessary. Our idea has been to educate the masses to a line of goods second in quality and style to none in America. In doing this we have selected the best in the market and discarded the low priced. The result is that we can rarely sell a cheap article, while the success on the good, honest goods is testified by hundreds of men, women and children now wearing

BUELL

BOOTS AND SHOES

We are working for an exclusive shoe trade in this place and have selected a line of goods that will merit it. The particular object of this advertisement is to direct the attention of the

DRESS KIDS!

—And substantial—

School Shoes

We do honestly believe that

J. C. Bennett & Barnard in Ladies' Shoes,

—AND—

Williams & Hoyt in Children's Goods

Can put better material and more style

for the price asked than any line of

goods before the people; and so far as

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Any person who takes the paper regularly from the post-office, whether directed to his name or not, or whether he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the paper. The cost of periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them unsealed for, is prima facie evidence of INTENTIONAL FRAUD.

A CONQUEROR.

On the shining heights he had sought so long,
He stood alone in the break of day;
The wind was in his hair, the trees and strong,
A hand within a taste like a sun that lay;
He could see the wreath of the purple sky,
And the distant sun-like, thin and white;
And hear, as the swift gale hurried by,
The low, weird voice of the steaming night.

He could see the way that his feet had trod,
The wreath and ruin his hand had made,
The clothe blood on the withered sod,
The hand that had been his master's right;
The hand was by the victim's right;
He had swept the people before his wrath,
And conquered all by his keen sword's might,
And marked his course by a turbid path.

His word was law in the prostrate world,
Where Kings lay prone in their galling chains;
He laughed when the bolts of Jove were cast,
Along the silence of prostrate plains;

The boisterous tempests for him were fond,
And service nations bent to his use;

But he passed alone through the cringing crowd.

And no red tips for his kiss grew sweet.

And what did this give for the weary years?
Lie, nothing at all but a sounding name,
And a burthen of weal and bitter tears.

For the love of love is the gift of fame;

Ab, few are the good things life can hold;

And the one that is, is of no use above.

Is neither fame nor wealth of gold,

But the sweet-songs and joy of perfect love.

—Thos. S. Collier, in *Curzon*.

MORNING MUSINGS.

A Romantic Love Story, Told in Six Soliloquies.

SOLILOQUY THE FIRST.

Height! So this is London, and a smoky, foggy, dismal metropolis it is, to say the least of it.

Reminds me of young Simpkins of our class who undertook to write an apostrophe to the ocean—a la Byron—and completed one line: "Oh, thou prodigious dampness!" Simpkins stuck there and couldn't get any further, but there is no such limit to London dampness.

By the great ponds of Michigan, the air here seems to hold water in solution! One runs a risk of being drowned in breathing!

I suppose this is what Mr. Guppy called a "London particular," but with all due respect, I don't think London is particular, or she wouldn't have such an atmosphere.

Fine showing, this, for an April morning! Ho, hum! I really must get up and commence my pilgrimage.

I can't understand why I should have started on this European tour, and condemned myself to wandering about looking at things I don't want to see, climbing mountains I don't want to climb, rambling around through nasty streets where I don't want to ramble, and inhaling odors that I decidedly object to. What is the use now of my "doing" London and subjecting myself to fatigue, odors and "aekney coaches when I can accomplish it all so much more pleasantly with one of Dickens' novels at home in a hammock, or drifting down the Chesapeake? I can't understand why I should want to see the Tower because the Princes were murdered there, nor the Avon because Shakespeare was born there, nor a hundred and one other places because something was done or wasn't done there. If a man tells me his father was hanged, I am quite satisfied to believe him without rushing off immediately to see the place and bring away a piece of the gallows or a shred of the rope.

Thank Heaven, when I'm through with London my occupation's gone, and I can go home in peace, Constantinople, Venice, Rome, Switzerland, Paris—I've done them all, and pretty thoroughly. I hope, though my people at home will be sure to think of some confounded place that I ought to have seen, but didn't see. Something that I have omitted which they have been dying to see for goodness knows how long!

Think I'd better coach up on the guide-book, and—that reminds me, I give mine away to the pretty girl whom I rescued in Venice from the gondoliers—those fellows are as bad as London "aekney coaches"—and who was so charmingly grateful. She said she hoped we might meet again, and she was ever so much obliged to me, and it was so nice to meet a countryman, for she was American—I would have known that if she had stopped after "mine"—and a great deal more to the same effect, and in the sweetest voice and with the cordial confidence which belongs alone to our girls. Bless 'em! Shook hands with me, smiled more in her soft gray eyes than with her lips, gave me her card and left me standing there with my hat off, a spectacle for those rascally boutiques!

Made a memorandum on a blank leaf of my guide-book to this effect:

"Prettiest picture in Venice. Study in gray. Gray eyes, gray robe, name Gray. Worth a fortune, but by the right person to be had for the asking."

"N. B.—Would that I dared to ask."

Then I gave the nearest gondolier a twenty-franc piece to overtake her and retrieve to mademoiselle the book she did neglect. And that's all.

By Jove, I must get up!

SOLILOQUY THE SECOND.

Three weeks in London! Well, London isn't so bad after all, and I'm really interested in hunting up queer places.

I'd give a farm just to find Mrs. Toderer's boarding house, and Miss Gray is constantly looking for a Curiosity Shop. That I should meet her again, and especially in this human labyrinth, is a piece of good fortune little short of fatality. Her mother and fourteen-year-old brother constitute the party, and the old lady says she really doesn't know how they would have managed to see so much of London but for my valuable aid. I'm a disinterested party, I am! Haized if I don't believe I'm getting too much absorbed in the flesh tints and the foreshortening, and the coloring of my study in Gray. She has not said a word about my guide-book, not even whether she received it or not;

but she seemed to be glad to see me, and I—phew! I'm too old to lay about and day-dream like a school-boy! I think I'll go home. I've seen enough yellow fog and black smoke. Mrs. Gray says they are going to Scotland and the Highlands, and all those moist, unpleasant places that William Black rejoices in—and indeed when one can sit by a warm fire and read about rain and wind, London sky and dewy weather, it isn't bad; but excuse me from participating, as the man said, when he was going to be hanged. Yet I can be with her by going. She said her mamma wanted me to go so much. I wonder if she speaks to me with mamma's lips? Girls do, I know, particularly when they take any interest. For example, if her mother wanted me to go as an escort and she herself didn't care a straw whether I went or not, she would have said "I want you to go so much." It's a good sign when mamma comes to the front.

Bah! I'm trying to construct nothing into something—practice I thought I had abandoned ever since the days I persuaded myself that a certain school girl returned my youthful passion because she permitted me to carry her bookstrap to school, a dream that was dispelled by her subsequently conferring that privilege on another young gentleman in knickerbockers.

But still I would like to see Scotland and the places so "elizabethed around with historical associations"—I believe that's the phrase which one reads about in—Sir Walter—and other historians. At home they'll be sure to ask me about Auld Reekie, St. Ronan's Well, Corrie Nat Shian and Coil an Togé, and what shall I say? It is clearly my duty to go to Scotland because—Harry Olden, you are pulling the wool over your own eyes! You don't care a jot more for ordinary places with extraordinary names than you do for extraordinary places with ordinary names! Now, acknowledge it's the girl. Well, confound your impertinence, suppose it is the girl.

I am going to Scotland.
SOLILOQUY THE THIRD.

Ab-grrr-kirr-gnooch! By Jove, how I must have been snoring! I never felt so little like getting up in my life though the sun is pouring in at my window, and the whistle of the partridge comes from the hillside like a morning matin:

The buzz of lace-making inorn.
The swallow twirled from the straw-bunked.

I'm glad I came to Scotland—glad we left the beaten track of tourists and took up our quarters at that Highland hostelry. I don't think I ever enjoyed rambling through woods and picking ferns, or sketching hilltops, half so much, even on the banks of the old Scotchman—my benison on her bread bosom!

I'm sure there must be something about these Highland braes that nourishes rhymes, romance, and all that sort of thing, for a fellow seems to drop into poetry as naturally as Mr. Silas Wegg, Laurel—big legend Miss Laurel—my study in Gray—says she knows that I am of a poetic temperament, and I am so foolish as to go rambling up verses to prove it! Ah, well! When I pulled that reckless young seaprager brother of hers out of touch Mayle, she put both her cold little hands in mine, and whispered some incoherent words, of which I could only catch, "Forgive me—I know you better now—!" Ishaw! that was half gratitude. And yet, when I held her hands, and tried to tell how gladly I would take far greater risks for her sake, she did not take them away, but raised her eyes to my face so bravely and trustingly that I trod on air for days afterwards.

She keeps my book, too. I saw the leaf on which I wrote that absurd croquet thrust into her little silk purse. She had torn it out, and was making a relic of it. That might be because of its oddity, and probably means nothing. There never was a girl so proof to dexterity as to preserve such a spontaneous tribute. She treats me just the same as ever—is friendly and cordial, no more. Uncertainty, then, is all I have at—uncertainty as to her feelings, uneasiness as to mine.

Pretty much the same way I felt at Long Branch three years ago, when I spent a fortnight to determine whether I was in love with Lucy Homer, and if so whether she would be pleased to hear it; at the end of which she married young Landless, and to my surprise I was pleased to hear it!

This was to result similarly. I think I'd better go home. And yet there will be something lost out of life when I leave her. I should be wretched, I am afraid; but not so wretched as I would be should she refuse me. Perhaps not so wretched as I might be eventually if she accepted me.

"Where shall I find the concert of this discord?" Apparently not in this bed, for it looks like what Mrs. Pertinghorn calls a "corruption of Mount Vesuvius." Hello, Boots! Bring me some hot water!

Mr. Henry Olden, get thee home on the next steamer.

SOLILOQUY THE FIFTH.

I feel as if I had just parted with my immortal soul, not to mention everything I have eaten for the past twenty-four hours. Sickness! The man who called it one of the comic diseases was surely never seasick! A myriad of ills on the reeling, rocking old tub. I could almost wish she'd go to the bottom.

I wonder how Miss Gray and her mother are standing it. I hope to Heaven I shall not see her again until she recovers, or else I'm done with romance forever. The old lady would insist on taking this steamer, and I think it was a dispensation of Providence to cure my malady. How can a man worship when his divinity is white around the lips and red around the eyes, with a drawn, pinched look, as if anxiously expecting a catastrophe; when she is sensitive as to sympathy and querulous as to assistance; when she appears to regard her brother with undying hatred, and her mother as a harpy armed to the teeth with cantharides and shawls for her special torture? When all my faculties are concentrated on finding some place where he can hold himself still, when the only feeling he can summon from the depths of his embittered nature is one of hatred and contempt for the stewards?

She (urely)—"I wonder if I have anything to do with the feelings which prompt you to wind up an impassioned poem with some absurd parody or burlesque?"

—"Oh, that is done for the purpose of taking the edge of what you might otherwise consider sentimentality—and partly to convince myself that I am not growing sentimental in reality."

She—"Is sentiment such a crime in your eyes?"

—"Not a crime, but a source for ridicule. Promise me not to laugh—not to think me absurd—and I'll play at romance like the veriest lover of them all. By Heaven, I have a mighty leaning to it!"

She—"Some day you'll play it in earnest, and be the veriest lover of them all, or I am no prophetess."

—"Methinks the day has come—the hour and the woman! Can you not see that since I have known you—since that happy day in Venice?"

She (natively)—"When you returned my book?"

—"Ah! You did get the book. Then it has told you that I have set up your picture in my heart and fallen down before it."

"All on a summer's day? Are you not getting dangerously near the brink, Mr. Olden—of the bake, I mean? You might wet your feet!"

—"Do you think I say this in a vein which justifies flippant interruptions, Miss Gray?"

She—"Do you think I treat you in a way which justifies flippant gallantry, Mr. Olden?"

—"You wrong me when you treat as gallantry the homage of a man who—"

She—"Is quite as serious as he usually permits himself to be, or he has been during any summer vacation for the

past half a dozen years. Who parodies Rosalind, and says: "Come, I'll woo thee, for I'm in a holiday humor, and like enough to be ensnared?"

—"You regard me as a trifler, I see."

She (regretfully)—"And only think what you might have been! Let me go home."

Now, what does all this mean? Am I in love? And is there a chance for me? As to the first, yes; and the second—Well, she scorned the manner and not the matter of my wooing. There's some comfort in that. If you can convince a woman that you were a trifler until you succumbed to her, she is prepared to forgive the first and to regard the last as very natural.

"Only to think what you might have been." She said it almost mournfully. Now, I don't think I might have been anything in particular; but I shall try to be from this time forth, and she shall be the judge. How beautiful she is! I'd give a King's ransom to hear her say—There's the breakfast bell!

SOLILOQUY THE FOURTH.

Jangle, jangle, jangle! Confound the church bells! A fellow never can sleep on Sunday morning for their clamor!

Back to Edinburgh from the Highlands—back from the land of mist and clouds and romance, with a full determination to read about, but not visit, it however. Too much fish and Gaelic to suit me. Three months gone, and the ground covered with autumn leaves, since I've been dazing in her train; and—I fear I've been making a fool of myself! Does she care for me at all? Well, I'm a sanguine, self-persuasive man; but, putting all that aside, I think I am gaining ground a little.

Why am I not estatically happy, then? I expected to be, and—by Jove, I will be! I have lived a quarter of a century without having seen any woman so beautiful, so lovely; and I know she's far too good for me. What a disgustingly conceited idiot I am! I dare say it's all my egotism, and she really never gives me a second thought. And yet when I pulled that reckless young seaprager brother of hers out of touch Mayle, she put both her cold little hands in mine, and whispered some incoherent words, of which I could only catch, "Forgive me—I know you better now—!" Ishaw! that was half gratitude. And yet, when I held her hands, and tried to tell how gladly I would take far greater risks for her sake, she did not take them away, but raised her eyes to my face so bravely and trustingly that I trod on air for days afterwards.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Stanford, Ky., December 5, 1854

Published Tuesdays and Fridays,

AT

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When paid strictly in advance. If we have to wait any time, \$2.50 will be charged.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[To the Editor of the Interior Journal.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1, 1854.—The newspaper prophet in Washington, after he fashions a cabinet for the President-elect to his own intense satisfaction, is fully prepared for more arduous labor, and is now busy in planning the work for Congress with great zeal. It seems to have struck him that possibly Mr. Cleveland may have a voice in the selecting of his cabinet.

Members who have arrived in the city express the opinion that Congress will not find time this session to attempt any very important legislation. Besides the appropriation bills, the land grant forfeiture question will probably be taken up, and it promises to bring about a long and bitter fight. Some of the members however, have not given up the idea of tackling the tariff, and say that something should be done this session. Mr. Morrison, it is understood, is primed for another fight. He looks upon the success of the democratic party as an indorsement of tariff reform, and has expressed the opinion that something should be done this winter to reduce the revenue. If Congress is disposed, however, to make a busy and eventful session of it, there is no lack of material in the shape of pending legislation. There is, for instance, the silver coinage question, which urgently calls for attention. A very respectable element is calling for a bankruptcy law; there is a great desire in legal and business circles for action which shall expedite the work of the Supreme Court; much remains to be settled respecting the relations of railroads and land corporations to the government; and there are various private canal and railroad schemes to which Congress will be asked to give a helping hand; pension laws are not yet satisfactory to some influential classes; and the friends of the shipping interests look upon last winter's legislation as merely preliminary, and are anxious to follow it up by broader measures; the education bill presents its claims to the House; and two or three territories which have now a large and ambitious population are clamoring for the rights and dignities of States. It will be seen readily, therefore, that even if Congress prefers to ignore the tariff and other precedents pretty closely in the appropriations, there is an abundance of important subjects on which it can profitably spend the winter.

Among the first questions presented at the Capitol to-day will be a resolution in the House calling for a diplomatic investigation of the action of the French in prosecuting work on the Panama canal, and declaring in favor of the American policy of predominance on this Continent. Several leading democrats have the matter in charge, and it is indeed gratifying to see some inclination towards enforcement of the Monroe doctrine. The representatives of the three great Isthmian inter-oceanic transit subjects are gathered here in anticipation of some action by Congress on this important question. The Panama people are simply anxious to be let alone. The Nicaraguan people want substantial recognition. The Tehuantepec people are willing to take anything they can get. James B. Eads, the father of the Tehuantepec scheme, went to London last summer to get some money. I don't understand that got any there. But he has apparently gotten some on the way home, for he is exhibiting quietly to New York capitalist a working model of his inter-oceanic ship railway which cost \$10,000 and occupies twenty feet of space. He is now arranging to exhibit it at New Orleans.

The Washington Monument is booming along towards completion. The caps will be set this week. The tip of the capstone will be composed of aluminum, and is the largest device ever made of that metal. It is about four feet high, and is as sharp as a moderately dull needle at its apex. There are several reasons why this particular metal was used. To begin with, it is a good lightning conductor and will serve as the top of the lightning rod; then it does not rust, but will always remain bright. It has much the appearance of silver.

The most distinguished military tribunal that has assembled in this country since the close of the war is now in session in a small upper room in the Corcoran building. One

major general and six brigadiers generals of the regular army, backed by three colonels

of the line, on either hand, occupy the long table.

Schofield, Terry and Miles—it would be hard to find three more distinguished looking men. The staff Generals Rochester, Holabird, Murray and Newton, are men of dignity and power. I believe it is the first time in the history of the country that a man holding the rank of brigadier general has been on trial in time of peace, and the court is making short work of General Swain.

There are 1,100 dust-women in England and Wales who spend their lives in raking over dust heaps for what gain they may find. And they like the work.

Easy to See Through.

How can a watch—no matter how costly—be expected to go when the unstrapping “won’t operate”? How can any one be well when his stomach, liver, or kidneys are out of order? Of course you say, “He goes on.” Yet thousands of people drag along miserably in that condition; not sick, but not able to work with comfort and energy. How foolish, when a bottle or two of Parker’s Tonic would set them all right. Try it, and get back your health and spirits.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

One of us, love, must stand,
Where the waves are breaking in death's dark
Strand;

And watch the boat from the silent land;

Bear the other away;
Which shall it be?

One of us, love, must bear,
The heavy burden that none may share;

And stand all alone and desolate, where,

We stood in life's fair day;
Joyous and free.

One,—either you or I,
Must bear the mandate. Thy friend must die;

And lead with agonizing cry;

That only God can hear,
Which shall it be?

And one must close the eyes

Of the other, the tender, loving eyes;

And as the dead face, that before us lies,

The face so calm, so dear,

Our agony.

One, when the other is gone,
Will lean on the cold memorial stone;

And brokenly sob, “alone, alone;”

And the winds will sigh,

Over you or me.

One, grown old and gray,
Perchance will walk still, earth's tollsome way;

And dream of the love that lives for aye,

As the years roll by;

Which shall it be?

GETTING INTO HARNESS.—“Is the Superintendent in?” asked a gentleman entering the N. Y. Z. railway office.

“Yes, sir, I am here.”

“I had considerable trouble finding your office.”

“How did you find it finally?”

“Oh, I paid a hackman \$2 to bring me here.”

“And what can I do for you?”

“I want a pass to Lawndale.”

“To Lawndale? Why the fare is but 15 cents.”

“I know it, but I'm a new member of the Legislature, and I want to do my full duty, even if it does cost me a little something at first.”—Detroit Post and Tribune.

Moses Schaumburg is very slovenly in his personal appearance. Ike Levy met Schaumburg not long since, and looked at him steadily for several minutes. Finally he said.

“Moses, I have known you more than dirty years, and I would chaste like to ask you one question, even you don't offend ed.”

“What you want to know?”

“Who wears your shirts before day was dirty.”—[Texas Sitting.]

Mr. Barnum's large giraffe has just died at Bridgeport of a lung affection. It was valued at \$12,000, but owing to the election of Cleveland Mr. Barnum will dispose of it at a reduction of 25 per cent.

In almost every case where a man has fallen in love with a girl dressed in a bathing suit and afterwards married her a divorce has followed within two years.—[Reading (Pa.) Times.]

A Steamboatman's Reminiscence.

[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

“We used to have some lively times steamboating during the war,” remarked Captain Taylor, a veteran Souto-and-rivernome, during a conversation yesterday. “I remember once, just as the war was breaking out, I was on the steamer John T. McCoombs. We had just received a cargo of corn at St. Louis, consigned to a gentleman in Florence, Ala. After covering up the word Pittsburgh on the steamer's stern and putting in its stead St. Louis, so as to conceal our identity, we left port, and in a few days arrived at Florence, and a gang of negroes having been hired, the work of unloading commenced. It had not proceeded far, however, when we were interrupted by a party of about fifteen, who wore broad belts fitted with horse-pistols and knives. They inquired for the Captain, and demanded that the bar be opened to them, and when this was denied them, the leader of the band, a big six-footer named Jackson, pulled out his watch and coolly informed us that unless whisky was forthcoming in twenty minutes the boat would cease to be the property of its rightful owners. The Captain and mate held a council of war and decided to accede to the demands of the desperadoes, and the bar was accordingly thrown open. Whisky and beer flowed like water, and it was next to impossible for our men to do anything toward unloading the boat. At night, however, when we were interrupted by a party of about fifteen, who wore broad belts fitted with horse-pistols and knives. 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